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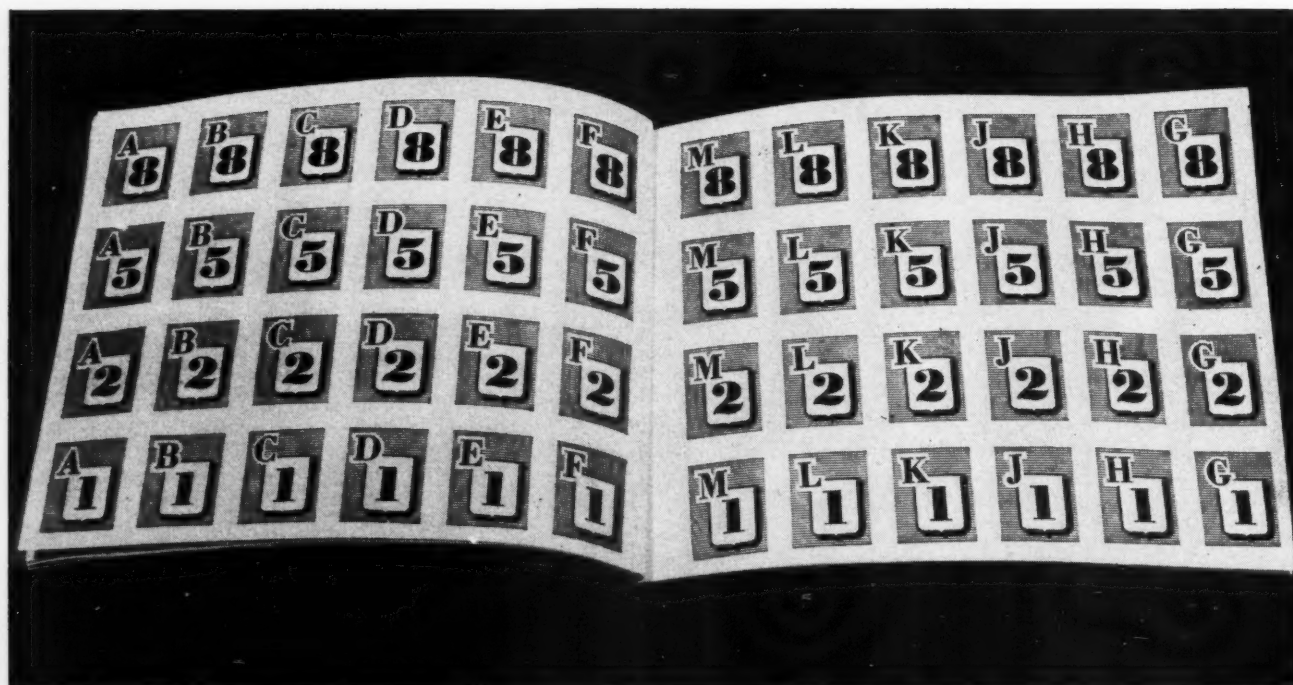
Consumers' guide

January 1943



You pays your money AND YOUR POINTS

That's the new kind of rationing we're going to have, to divide up scarce goods, and to give people as much choice as possible



POINTS rationing is new to Americans. So's 1943.

We'll get used to both of them, in time. But since you've probably had at least one new year before, but never points rationing, we've accumulated a few facts about the latter that may help you get acquainted with this stranger.

Let's start by listening to an imaginary grocer.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones; that's right, 79 cents. 76, 77, 78, 79 . . . correct; thank you, Mrs. Jones."

"Well," you say, "Nothing new there. Mrs. Jones has just bought food for tomorrow's breakfast. She's done that for years. The grocer's added up her bill. He's done that before. He's counted the money, found it all there. The whole thing is as familiar as an old sweatshirt."

But the grocer's still talking.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones," says the grocer, "I'll take 15 points for that purchase. Just let me have your book and I'll detach the stamps. Let's see . . . an '8' . . . a 2 . . . a 5 . . . that makes it. Good day, Mrs. Jones."

"Good night!" you say. "What's this about-points? Are they money? Do they come in books?"

Nope, folks, they're not money. Yup, they come in books. Little red and blue pages. The Government has a book for you. War Ration Book Two, to call it by name.

If you haven't got your copy yet, you can see what it will look like, in the photo above.

War Ration Book Two is full of points stamps, and you will be called on to "spend" them right along with your cash money when you go to buy certain kinds

of goods that will be rationed in the near future.

Let's get the hang of this points rationing. It's not so hard. People in England have learned about it already. They have been using points rationing for more than a year now.

You are an old hand at coupon rationing. You've been living with that ever since last May when the Government started rationing sugar.

Every man, woman, and child who is entitled to a sugar book should have one now. War Ration Book One is its right name.

When you buy sugar, you pay cash for it, as always; but you also have to give up a coupon from your ration book or you can't buy sugar, however much cash you may have.

Now sugar is an easy thing to ration. The ordinary everyday kind of granulated sugar—and that's what most people want—is just about the same, wherever you buy it. It's easy to divide up supplies, too, into little or big bags, whatever size the ration comes to. There isn't anything, either, that quite takes the place of sugar for most householders. Of course there are other sweeteners, good ones, too; but they don't compete much with sugar.

That's why coupon rationing works so well with sugar.

But let's look at some other foods that are harder to ration.

Suppose, for a long minute, that a great fire should sweep across the country, burning up vast quantities of cereals.

Suppose this terrible fire should sweep across our fields, into warehouses and factories, even into our grocery stores, until finally, when we caught up with it, we had only a small cereal supply left.

"Nonsense," says Mr. Jones. "That couldn't possibly happen."

You're right, Mr. Jones. We're just supposing.

By the way, Mr. Jones, what's your favorite breakfast cereal?

"Me? Why, oatmeal's my favorite. Never eat anything else at breakfast."

Well, now that's too bad, we'd have to tell Mr. Jones. On account of the great fire there just isn't enough oatmeal left to give you and every other oatmeal-eater enough for breakfast every morning.

"By golly, then, I'll buy some other breakfast food," Mr. Jones says.

What kind would that be?

"I'd probably buy wheatomeal," says Jones.

But the fire that destroyed so much of our oatmeal destroyed lots of our wheatomeal, too. Not as much as oatmeal, but the losses were serious. If all you oatmeal fans start buying wheatomeal, that would clean what little there is off the shelves. Lickety-split.

"Well," says Mr. Jones, "you can't stump me. I'd buy me some grits. Never cared much for them, but believe me I'm not going to work on an empty stomach."

And Mr. Jones is right. He can't go to work on an empty stomach. We have to see that he doesn't.

We have to break the news to Mr. Jones, however, that even the grits supply is low. There is more grits than wheatomeal, and

more wheatomeal than oatmeal, but not nearly enough of each one of them so people can go on buying all they'd like of their favorites.

"Then there's only one thing for us to do," says Mr. Jones.

"If all cereals are scarce, one way or another, the Government ought to ration them *all together*. Then everybody who wants cereal would have a chance to buy some kind."

You're right, Mr. Jones. That's good logic.

Mind you, this is only a make-believe example. Our cereals, fortunately, are not scarce. We have bountiful supplies. But we're trying to picture what we would do if we were hard up.

How's the Government going to ration these cereals, Mr. Jones?

Give you a "Cereals Rationing Book?"

Make each stamp good for the purchase of a pound of oatmeal, or a pound of wheatomeal, or a pound of grits, say?

Just let everybody spend their stamps anyway they choose?

"Nope. Won't work," says Mr. Jones, "because everybody who likes oatmeal the way I do would still use his stamps to buy oatmeal. That'd get us right back into the same trouble we had before we started rationing."

You're absolutely right, Mr. Jones.

"Shucks, you've got people in the Government that could figure that thing out fine, so we wouldn't all flock out, fighting among ourselves to see who'd get his favorite cereal."

Well, then, let's see if this would work:

The Government says to you and everybody else: "Since some cereals are shorter in supply than others, we'll make the shortest ones cost more stamps. Like this, say: it'll cost you 4 times as many stamps to buy oatmeal as it costs to buy grits; and twice as many to buy wheatomeal as grits costs."

"Makes sense to me," says Mr. Jones. "Let's try it."

And that in a nubbin, is points rationing.

That's the point, of points, anyway. There are more reasons behind this kind of rationing; some refinements, too. We'll talk about them a bit. But you've got the idea by the tail, now. Don't let go.

Let's say the Government set up a list like this, showing how many stamps it would take to buy each type of cereal

(mind you, this is still make-believe):

1 pound of grits.....	2 stamps
1 pound of wheatomeal.....	4 stamps
1 pound of oatmeal.....	8 stamps

Then say the Government gives you a little book full of stamps. It tells you you can use 8 of these stamps for cereals during the next month.

"Now," says the Government to each of us, "go into any store you like, buy any one of these cereals with your stamps (and cash money, too, of course). Maybe you'd all prefer to buy oatmeal. But look out. If that's all you buy, your stamps will be gone mighty quick. You'll get only one pound of cereal if you spend all your 8 stamps on oatmeal. But you can get more than one pound of cereals if you spread your stamps over other kinds."

Still hanging on?

Okay.

Well, there you have the points rationing idea, all wrapped up for you, except for one little detail.

When you shop, you don't always pay for the things you buy in pennies, do you?

You shell out quarters, dimes, nickels, as well as pennies. Don't you?

Just so with points rationing.

Instead of making every stamp worth one point, the War Ration Book Two you're going to get has in it 8-point stamps, 5-point stamps, 2-point stamps, and 1-point stamps.

They're simply for convenience, like quarters, dimes, or nickels. If you buy something that costs 24 points, the grocer will simply detach 3 of the 8-point stamps, or any other combination of stamps that would add up to an even 24. (You don't get change in stamps.)

The Government's points list, then, for these 3 cereals we've been talking about (but always just as a make-believe example) would really read like this:

1 pound of grits.....	2 points
1 pound of wheatomeal.....	4 points
1 pound of oatmeal.....	8 points

Are you still with us? Because there are a few more things you ought to know about points rationing.

England has found it full of surprises, but flexible, useful, effective.

Here's one of the surprises, and it demonstrates how flexible, useful, and effective the point system really is.

People in England, like lots of us here, are very fond of canned salmon. But

canned salmon was scarce, so the Government said, "Here's a food we ought to ration, along with other scarce canned proteins. We'll give canned salmon a value of 24 points a pound. Anybody who buys a pound, whatever kind it is—red or pink—will have to pay 24 points."

Now it happens that people had more of a liking for red salmon than for pink even though nutritionally they are pretty much equal. (One advertiser built up sales by telling people his canned salmon didn't turn white.) With both pink and red salmon costing the same number of points, the red salmon disappeared much faster than the pink kind. So the British Ministry of Food—they're the people who handle food rationing there—raised the point value of the red salmon to 32, and didn't raise the point value of the pink. That fixed it so that a person who wanted red had to pay 8 points more for it than he paid for pink. That very quickly swung the demand back to the pink salmon, and gave the grocers a chance to stock up on the red again.

How does that strike you, Mr. Jones?

"Sounds smart to me," says Mr. Jones. "Now I know why we're paying you people to figure things out. You're in a spot to know what foods we're longest on, and what ones we're shortest on. You can set the number of points so people can buy more of the plentiful stuff, and so they'll steer clear of the scarcest stuff."

Right again.

OPA hasn't announced (up to the time we went to press) what commodities it intends to ration with War Ration Book Two. But it's pretty certain that when we ration by the points system, we'll not follow the British pattern exactly. Their points-rationing covers some foods that aren't exactly staple; some might even be considered luxury items. If we point-ration foods here, we'll include more of the staple items.

Take a good look at War Ration Book Two, when you get it. Read it from "kiver to kiver."

OPA has had 150 million copies printed up. They are being shipped to every county in the country, and distributed to local War Price and Ration Boards in each of the counties.

Here are some things you'll notice in the new book:

War Ration Book Two has stamps printed in 2 colors, red and blue. Each color will be good for one group of foods—

foods that are closely related to each other in food value. So remember, the COLOR stands for the FOODS that are rationed. OPA will tell us *which foods*.

Then you'll notice letters printed on the stamps. These letters refer to the TIME during which the stamps may be used for rationed foods. They may represent weeks, or months, or days, even. OPA will tell us *how long* each letter is good for.

Finally, you'll see big, bold numbers on each stamp. All the way through the book they run, from the top of the page down, 8 . . . 5 . . . 2 . . . 1. 8 . . . 5 . . . 2 . . . 1. Over and over again. These NUMBERS are the POINTS you own. When foods are rationed on the points system, these are the points you can spend for the rationed foods. OPA will tell us *how many points* each rationed food will cost.

How should you shop, when point rationing gets started?

With your pocketbook *and* your ration book, in hand. That's rule No. 1.

The fattest pocketbook in the country won't buy you more than your share of rationed foods. And don't expect your grocer to wink an eye at you, and say how he understands why you happened to forget to bring your ration book to market. He has to turn in all the stamps you pay him, or he won't be able to stock up again. He'll be rationed on his supplies, just as you'll be rationed on your purchases. So if you want to come back tomorrow, and find these foods on your grocer's shelves, you *must* pay your points.

Second rule is this:

Make a POINTS budget.

You've been budgeting your food money since the beginning of time. But you've never budgeted "points" before. Now, you have to have 2 kinds of budgets: a money budget, and a points budget. Just remember this: your stamps have to last so long. If you spend them fast, you'll run out of them. And that's just as bad as running out of cash. Just as you have to wait for pay-day, you'll have to wait for stamp-day.

Here's a third rule that might help: Before you shop, talk things over with your family.

As soon as the list of rationed foods is announced, gather your family together. Ask everyone to help you figure out how much of each kind of rationed food you should buy. Suppose meats were rationed.

There will be some who don't like lamb, but do like beef; there'll be some who do like chops, but don't like stew meat. We don't know just which group of foods you'll have to struggle with. But we do know that there will be plenty of choice, among tastes, points, and prices.

And it's a wise buyer who knows his family's first, second, and third choices, before he shops.

Carry your list of point-values for each food to market with you, when you shop. That's rule No. 4. Sure, your store will have a list, or markers. But you have a double check if you have a list of your own. Your newspapers and radio will keep you informed on "point values."

Pay your biggest bills with the stamps that have the biggest value. That's rule No. 5. That way you save the low-point stamps for little purchases.

Finally, don't tear stamps out of your ration book until you are right at the counter where you pay your bill.

Your grocer will help you figure out how many points you owe. You will have figured this out too. Be sure you both agree. Then pay your money, **AND YOUR POINTS**.

Of course it's a bother, learning something new. But when the bother gets most bothersome, try to remember back to the days when you went to market to buy something and you couldn't buy it. The store didn't have any. Other people got theirs. You got none.

Well, point-rationing is a system your Government has worked out to make sure your share is there when you go to get it.

Maybe the price will be too high and you won't buy it. Rationing doesn't take care of that.

While you are struggling with your points *and* your money, you might give a thought to the people who have points but not enough money. Their problem is lots harder than yours.

Something else will have to be done for them.

Illustrations in this issue:

Cover: Farm Security Administration

Page 2—Office of Price Administration

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Page 6—Cumberland News

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Page 14—FSA, U. S. Extension Service

Page 15—Farm Security Administration

Consumers' guide

No medals for these

... but the workers on local War Price and Rationing Boards are heroes of democracy, too. Or what do you think?

YOU SAW in the papers the other day about the man who's organizing the PWMODWAH?

You didn't?

Well, we didn't either. We're on the lookout for him, just the same.

Maybe, when we find him, he'll be smarter than to think up a name like PWMODWAH. We'll bet, though, it will be something close to that.

PWMODWAH starts with "People Who." It ends with "At Home." The "D" is definitely not silent.

With that help, you can guess the rest, what with all the fine training the alphabet boys and girls have been giving you.

PWMODWAH are as old as America, and as young as you.

Now you have it?

You're right. PWMODWAH are the PEOPLE WHO MAKE OUR DEMOCRACY WORK AT HOME.

You'll find them all over the place. They've always been around. But there's a new kind nowadays you never saw before the war.

They're the people who do the work of the War Price and Rationing Boards.

You've got a War Price and Rationing Board within 2 legs' length of where you live.

So does every other American. There are 5,500 of them all over the country. Alaska, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii have theirs. So do the Philippines. That one's in suspense, of course, now that the Japs have got in the way. Sooner or later, it will come out from under.

With the war, for us, just a year old, already a network of these offices spreads across the country, deciding whether you are getting the sugar, gasoline, coffee, or fuel oil you're entitled to; whether you, or you, or you should be allowed to buy a typewriter or bicycle or automobile or a pair of rubber boots.

Each board does an amazingly big and complicated job. It keeps the public informed on new rationing programs, and



RICH MAN, poor man, they're all alike in the eyes of local War Price and Rationing Boards. The same rules apply to all comers. The boards, all 5,500 of them, parcel out the Nation's supply of scarce goods in wartime, with the slogan "share and share alike."

gives out information on who is eligible to get what goods, and in what quantities. It registers all comers, judges their applications, and passes out books, cards, and certificates. It keeps files on who got what.

That might not be hard if there were only a few hundred cases per board; but the average board handles many thousands of applications. And every John Doe who feels that he needs more gasoline and every Mary Doe who lost her sugar card or wants to buy a bicycle presents a new problem for the board—a new case to be heard and passed upon. Everybody with an application to explain or a grief to discuss is entitled to a hearing.

Then the board must keep the public informed on price ceilings—new ones imposed, old ones adjusted. The board gets, examines, and keeps on file the price lists submitted by retailers, of cost-of-living commodities. If retailers want their ceilings adjusted, they go to the board, which

supplies the forms, refers the case to OPA, and keeps track of the adjustments. If consumers have complaints about violations of price rules, they bring them to the board, which forwards them to the OPA.

Board members themselves must read and keep abreast of developments in the price and rationing programs; they must read and understand the numerous regulations and legal decisions on price control and rationing.

More than 40,000 citizens man these boards. They are garden variety of citizens: workmen, housewives, professional men, retired business men, union officials, ministers.

Pay?

So far, the only thing they've got for their trouble is a certificate from the Office of Price Administration, their parent organization in Washington. Board members are entitled to travel expenses under



WILLS CREEK and the Potomac River come together a block below Cumberland's main street, and flood waters poured over the downtown area 4 times in the last 20 years. A WPA-constructed storage dam now holds the waters back, so this may not happen again.

certain circumstances, but for the most part they never see a Government check. Their services are "free gratis for nothing."

OPA pays the wages of some 20,000 clerks who work with the 5,500 boards over the country, but all the other work is volunteer. Between 60,000 and 70,000 volunteers give their time to this massive job.

Like baseball umpires or court judges, War Price and Rationing Boards don't make up the rules—they only apply them. The rules themselves are made in Washington. War makes that necessary.

But rules made in Washington are just so much paper and ink. They come to life back home.

That's where the test counts.

And that's what took us to Cumberland, Maryland.

Not that Cumberland is something special. It isn't. We wanted to get out of Washington and back where people live cheek by jowl with a War Price and Rationing Board.

Time and travel being short these days, Cumberland was as far as we could get.

"Cumberland," says its Chamber of Commerce, "is the scenic, industrial, and commercial center of Western Maryland . . . built like Rome on 7 hills at the junction of Wills Creek and the Potomac River . . . its early industrial history centered about transportation . . . and commerce which developed from its proximity to the famous Georges Creek coal region . . . the railroad shops furnish employment to many . . . and the city is the home of . . ."

Four times in the last 20 years floods have swept through the town. That's one of the few things that makes Cumberland different. Other towns have their periodic emergencies, too. Floods happen to be Cumberland's chief physical worry. The flood in 1936 carried away the old-fashioned paving bricks on Cumberland's main street. Now it's a modern paved highway, with new store fronts as up-to-date as a Flying Fortress.

Cumberland calls its main street, "Baltimore Street." It's 5 blocks long, running from the railroad tracks on one side to the creek on the other. Lining it are the same dime stores you'd see in your town. A sign, slung on a banner from the second story windows, gives notice of a revival meeting. Along the way there is the Chamber of Commerce, a downtown park, the railroad station, a bandstand.

People in Cumberland are too sensible to boast they've got a special brand of patriotism. They're run-of-the-mill patriots, and no apologies. When a job comes along that needs doing, say a flood or a war or anything special, they get to work.

Maybe they don't clean up the job right away, but who does? Maybe the way they do it today won't work tomorrow. But who said there was only one way to do a job? Maybe they have a lot to learn about democratic ways of doing things. Who doesn't?

Orders to ration new tires got Cumberland's War Price and Rationing Board started.

Washington wrote the rules. Thousands of people like Cumberland board members were asked to make the rules fit the needs of the people.

"We didn't know what we were getting into when we were first asked to serve," one of Cumberland's board members says.

"We thought we were only going to ration tires and tubes. The Governor of Maryland asked me to serve. He picked

out a 3-man board for the city of Cumberland. One of us is a lawyer, Commander of the American Legion in Maryland; another is a secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; another is chairman of the grievance committee of a railroad Brotherhood. I understand most boards are appointed by State OPA directors from people nominated by local defense councils.

"When we were appointed, we had nothing to go on, no precedent, no equipment, no money for expenses. We had to work everything out.

"We borrowed space and equipment and went to work.

"Our first offices were borrowed from the manager of a downtown office building. Later, when we needed more space, we went into the offices of a local coal company. Still later, we took our space problems to the county government. They gave us 2 large rooms in an old school building. Here we are." He gestured, as he spoke.

No doubt about it, Cumberland's War Price and Rationing Board was using its space to its maximum capacity.

"When we first started," he went on, "we did all the work ourselves. We wrote up the certificates. We bought a few rubber stamps, took care of minor expenses out of our pockets. After a couple of months, the work got so heavy we had to have help. The Office of Price Administration in Washington let us hire a clerk. That was fine. It not only helped the work, it made it possible to keep the office open all day."

CUMBERLAND is as American as apple pie, as old as the French and Indian wars, and as modern as a Boeing Bomber. A quiet valley when Col. George Washington was stationed there, today it's a city of railroads and factories, and 50,000 people.



January 1943

Tire rationing, if you haven't forgotten, was followed quickly by sugar and gasoline rationing. Teachers helped wonderfully on sugar and gas registrations.

"For gasoline rationing, we held training classes. School principals and teachers, along with private citizens, came to those classes. The teachers were to register gasoline users. We wanted to train them so they could make out the forms. You know. Then we trained the others because we figured they could serve as advisers to the teachers in working out difficult cases.

"And that's the way we set it up."

"Most of our volunteers," Cumberland's board says, "are housekeepers. We try not to keep them on a rigid schedule. You know how it is, running a house. People just walk in and say they're here and what can they do. We grab them, because we're thankful for them. Just the same it isn't easy to schedule work that way. Some have got their home work systemized so they can let us know in advance. That helps.

"Right now we've got 8 clerks and a chief clerk on a paid basis. That's not many to handle all the rationing problems for 87,000 people. If it weren't for the volunteers we couldn't get along.

"We've had our headaches. We'll have more. There was that time last summer when Washington said people could have more sugar if they did home canning.

"Here in Allegany County practically every housewife does some caning. I

swear they all came in. The rule was one pound of sugar for every 4 pounds of finished fruit. Lots of our housewives didn't like that rule. They seemed to hold it against us. They told us we knew nothing about canning, which is the truth.

"We had to stick our ground. Washington said that was all the sugar there was, and once the people understood the same rules applied to all comers, there was acceptance.

"One of the tough problems we ran into had to do with tire and recap rationing. That problem will probably be cured by the new mileage rationing and compulsory tire inspection.

"You see, people came in for retreads and they had tire carcasses that couldn't take a recap job. They'd run their rubber so long the tires were broken, and full of blowout patches. Especially the country folk, who carried heavy loads over back country roads.

"There were some real hardship cases. A woman came here from Seattle a few years ago to run a little farm for her brother who works in a local plant. She had a crop of tomatoes coming in. She lived about 20 miles in the back country. Her truck tires were shot. If she had to pay someone to move the tomatoes, the cost would be way out of proportion to her return. She was in a bad way with those tomatoes—a whole summer's work going to waste. We helped her locate a couple of carcasses that could take recapping.

CUMBERLANDERS, like other Americans, take hats off to their 2 kinds of heroes—those who make democracy work at home, and those who are out fighting on the battle lines. Over 3,000 young Cumberlanders, named here, are already in the armed forces.



"There was another case—an old country couple with an old car. The woman had to come in to the doctor twice a week, for attention. There was no other possible means of transportation, other than the car. Well, the man brought enough produce in to town to entitle him to recaps—but the tires were way beyond the recapping stage. We had to turn him down for new tires. Three men never felt worse than we did, having to turn that man down. But there was a change in the regulations sent out from Washington, a few days later. They classified the size tires the man used on his car as "obsolete," a class which can be bought new by farm workers. We got in touch with him right away and furnished a certificate. We got more kick out of getting that case settled than we did out of any other we'd ever handled.

"Oh, we get some unreasonable people in occasionally. Sure.

"There was the railroad engineer who lived on a farm, and used his car to get to work and back. He was entitled to recaps, but he demanded new tires. And when I say demanded, I mean demanded. When we refused him, he said he was of more importance than the Army!

"Those are rare cases—just an example of how some people react.

"Decisions aren't always easy. It's true, we may run into a case where we turn a man down for a car or tires or gas, when we know that we're actually putting him out of business. But the thing's bigger than me or you or the man in business. It just can't be helped; and the boys in the front lines need the stuff worse than we do.

"People in this county have accepted rationing with darned good grace and very little grumbling. We've tried to explain to each applicant who has been refused exactly why it has been necessary to turn him down. That helps a lot. It helps him to see our problem, and the country's problem. And he's usually satisfied.

"You know what? We've even had people offer to turn in sugar, tires, and what not. When mistakes are made in handing out ration certificates—when people get cards they're not entitled to—they got to bringing them back to the board. The return traffic of people bringing back "X" cards in the temporary gas ration period got to be so heavy it was a nuisance.

"We have board meetings twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Board offices are open to all comers from 9 to 5 every work day. There's hardly a minute during the day that there's not a half-dozen people filling out forms or asking questions.

"We're one of the few points of contact the people in this community have with their Government, and they come in with all sorts of questions that aren't strictly our job to answer. Where can they turn in their idle tires? How can they get a priority? What can they do about the grocer who won't sell them coffee until they pay up their bill? And a lot more like these.

"Things are pretty well organized down at the board now, running smoothly, good staff. We've got as senior clerk a very competent young woman, a local woman who worked in a 5-and-10-cent store here for 9 years. She used to reorganize departments, handle books, and so on. She works all kinds of hours here; if she didn't put in 14 hours a day she'd never get through; so she puts them in.

"And then we've got plant committees, out at the ordnance and rayon factories that help out a lot. For their workingmen to come in here to get forms and fill them out would take too much time away from production. So we have these plant committees, working through the personnel offices, that help the men fill out their applications and mail them in here in bulk."

Rationing is one of the most tremendous and complicated jobs that the country has ever undertaken. Cumberland's board members don't seem to be frightened by the enormity of the job; they're simply angry that the day hasn't got 36 hours.

Sometimes Washington's rules and regulations seem very complicated, and board members have to use ingenuity in interpreting the instructions and ration with common sense.

Cumberland's board is no exception; members had to ration "with common sense" on one or 2 occasions.

Here's one case. After 72 hours of rain, Allegany County found itself in the middle of a bad flood, on October 15, 1942. Men's rubber boots and rubber work shoes had just been rationed, and could not be sold without a certificate issued by the local board. In the emergency, the board chairman went on the air at the local radio

station and announced that the boots and work shoes could be bought without certificates, and that he would accept certificate applications from the purchasers when the flood went down.

"Our job was pretty cut and dried in the old days," went on the chairman, "but the program's getting more complicated all the time. So OPA is giving us more and more responsibility for making our own decisions."

With all this, board members ration tightly, guarding each pound of rubber or sugar as though the outcome of the war depended on it—which is not far from the truth.

We went over to talk to the board's volunteers. "Sure we get swamped with work, but I get a big kick out of it," the first one told us. "Of course, you have to have a sense of humor to get along. I am a housewife. Got a husband and 3 children. I've been putting in 2 or 3 days a week—whatever I can spare." (She's now one of the board's full-time paid employees.)

And another one: "I haven't any children. My time's pretty much my own. My husband's superintendent of ammunition engineering at the ordnance plant. I came down the first part of October, and I am giving the board 2 or 3 days a week. I'd give them more, but I spend every Wednesday at the Red Cross, sewing; and every Thursday at the same place, making bandages."

Dean of the volunteer corps is a 65-year-old railroad veteran. He retired on the 1st of March 1940, after 46 years and 2 months (he's particular about those 2 months) of service. His last job was as signal supervisor. For 2 years after retiring, he alternately fought off a heart ailment, and satisfied an ambition to travel. In July 1942 the local board, swamped with work, put an ad in the newspapers asking for volunteers to help. Our retired railroad man came down with the ad in his hand. He stayed. Now he puts in 8 hours daily. Board members speak of him affectionately. He is having a grand time, and he is rendering a type of service "that cannot be bought." The board has recommended to the State Director of OPA that he be made a board member.

The story doesn't end here.

What do the people of Cumberland, the men and women who fill out the ration

application forms, say about their board? Is it rationing fairly? Is it doing the full job for which it has been appointed? Do the people of Cumberland feel that the board is truly representative?

Cumberland is a strongly unionized town. The rayon factory, biggest thing in Cumberland, furnishes employment to 12,000 men and women, and almost all of them are organized in the biggest textile union local in the world—No. 1874 of the Textile Workers Union of America, C. I. O. Next are several unions of the American Federation of Labor, including school teachers and typographical workers, building construction men, brewery workers, and teamsters. Then there are the "Big Four" railroad brotherhoods; the United Mine Workers of America; and the Independent Union of Dairy Farmers. There is a C. I. O. Rubber Workers Union, too.

What do the unions think of their local ration board? There're for it.

Do they feel that they are adequately represented on the local board? They do. They speak through the Railroad Brotherhood man on the board.

What about price problems?

Do they know that the local board is supposed to handle price complaints, as well as rationing? Well, they shrug their shoulders, the whole price problem is complicated; much more so, even, than rationing.

A "price panel" is just being set up in the local ration board.

Head of the panel is a retired vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Firemen and Enginemen. Serving under him are an attorney (formerly mayor of the city); and a retired hardware merchant, now operating a farm.

A member of the local board said: "There must be some price violations, but I think the public doesn't quite understand price watching, nor how to make a complaint. We've got a big educational job to do on this."

So far, the word "price" in the board's title—"War Price and Rationing Board"—has little meaning to many Cumberlanders. In fact, they are surprised when they find it there. The signs posted outside the board rooms simply say "Rationing Board."

Perhaps one of the little things that makes for confusion is the fact that the District Office of the OPA is also located in Cumberland. That makes it easy for Cumberlanders with price complaints or merchants who desire price adjustments to go directly to—what is more logical?—the Office of Price Administration. And they take their rationing applications and problems directly to—obviously!—the local "rationing board."

Now with the new price panel being set up the "rationing board" thinks it will be in fine gear to do its total job.

And that job should become easier both

for the board and the general public in the near future, when a new member will be added. He'll be the "Community Service" member, and his job will be to keep everybody better informed on price and rationing programs, on what the board is doing, and on what people ought to know about these programs. All boards are now going to have such a member.

Well, that's Cumberland. Not the whole story, but the guts of it.

All over America, the story of Cumberland's War Price and Rationing Board could be repeated. OPA could add chapters and books to this record.

Nobody's pinning medals on these heroes of democracy.

They don't ask for medals.

They know, as you know, that so long as the war lasts the country's supply of new goods, and even second-hand goods, for civilians will be scarce. There's only one thing to do; make sure that each of us gets a fair share of what is available. That much, and no more.

They know, as you know, that the best laid rules of sharing are useless unless they are translated into action by people who are knowing, sympathetic, and endlessly patient.

That's the kind of people who make our democracy work at home.

Humbly, we salute them!

LOCAL boards keep one eye on rationing problems, another on price control. Both programs add up to a billion bits of work. Who does this work? Right now, 40,000 local board members; 60,000 to 70,000 volunteers; and 20,000 paid OPA clerks.



HEADQUARTERS for local boards are no plush-lined palaces. They are often set up in discarded places, usually donated by someone: old school houses, churches, stores, basements. Cumberland's board uses 2 rooms in this old school building, downtown.

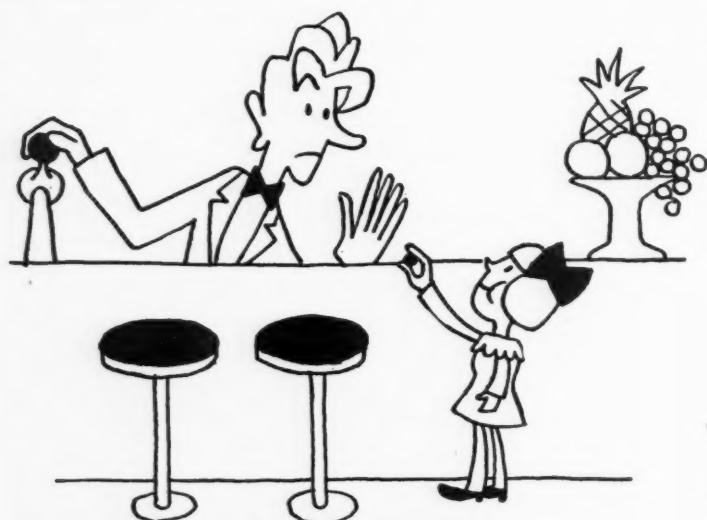


Life in 1943. What will it be like?

Here are some guesses



THERE'LL BE LESS OF SOME FOODS. That will mean rationing. But even then we might be better fed. England's shown how you can take less food, divide it wisely, help people to buy it or get it free, and come out with healthier people. Perhaps we will prove we can, too.



LUXURY FOODS WILL DISAPPEAR. Put away your nickel, little girl. There'll be less ice cream, fewer fancy foods, to spend your money on. Sure, you need calcium for your bones; but you'll get it—or we'll have to see you get it—in foods that will give you best values for your nickel.

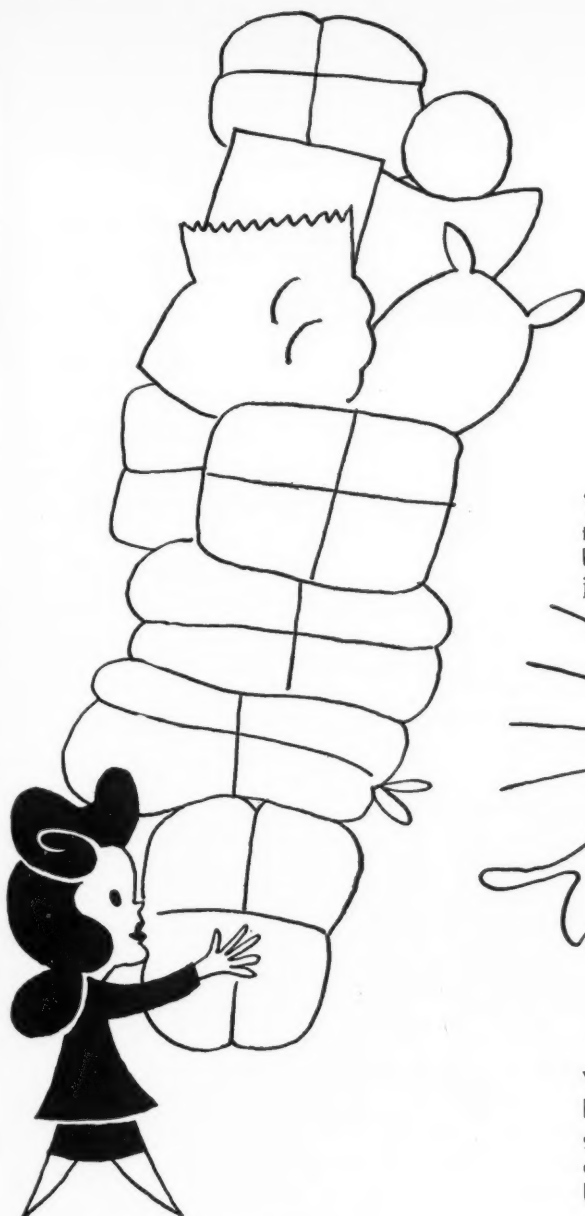


OLD STANDBYS WILL BE HARD TO GET. Some of them, that is; foods like watermelons, celery, artichokes. We have to put our land, labor, and transportation to producing and transporting foods with the greatest food values per acre, man-hour, train. Watery foods will move last.



FAMILIAR FOODS WILL WEAR NEW FACES. More tins can will go to war, less precious materials must be used for containers. More foods will have to be bought fresh and cooked at home. Cooks will have more need than ever to show skill, getting variety out of monotony.

Some
chokes.
to pro-
values
last.



YOU'LL CARRY MORE. All the extra services your stores have been doing will be stripped to the bone, to save man-hours, machinery, trucks, mailing. Besides carrying more things, you'll have fewer charge accounts, less chance to return goods, more self-service. It will take you longer to shop. Of course, the less frequently you shop the better for everybody.

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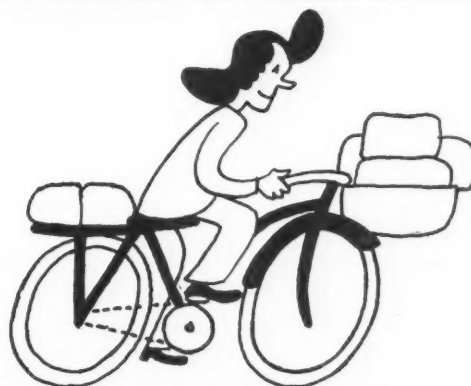
January 1943



YOU'LL BE A PRICE WATCHER. Price controls will be tighter. More ceilings will be stated in dollars and cents. They'll be easier to hold on to. You'll want to report price violations, not just to make price control work, but to keep your living costs down.



YOU'LL LEARN TO USE NEW MATERIALS. Metals have gone to war, so other materials must be used for civilian goods. frying pans may be made of glass; knives may be made of plastics; cans may be made of fiber or paper; fire grates may be made of earthenware. You'll take more care of everything.



STANDARD MODELS WILL BE ALL THE RAGE. Goods will be de-frilled. There will be little variety. Goods that will be made will use the least possible amount of critical material. You may even find more grade labeling on things.



YOU'LL BE PROUD OF YOUR PATCHES. You'll mend and darn and patch and repair everything—clothing, utensils, rugs, furniture, automobiles, and every kind of household goods—because there'll be less to buy, or you'll have less to spend. You'll prize every scrap.



YOU'LL GET DIRT IN YOUR FINGERNAILS, maybe calloused hands, doing more of your own housework, growing some of your food. More gardens than ever will blossom in and around cities. You'll work in one, to add extra foods to your family's and your neighbors' meals.



YOU'LL GET BACK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE. After you've paid your taxes—heavier than ever; after you've bought War Savings Bonds—more than ever; you'll have

little left to spend on fun. You're going to make your own fun, at home, and not depend so much on fun other people make for you. You'll find having fun needn't cost money.

They live on ingenuity

Half a million farm families, helped by the Farm Security Administration, show what to do when you are up against it

COULD YOU furnish a living room for \$2? Or feed a family all winter on fish from your brook? Or hatch a nestful of eggs with a hot-water bottle? Or sew a Sunday outfit from old flour sacks?

The John Smiths could. They were shipwrecked by the depression, and they pulled through. Now let the war pile on its sacrifices. They can take them. Not that they choose to live the way they do. They can't help it.

No one with 2 wits to rub against each other is recommending that you take to living on the edge of nothing the way the John Smiths do. But if you'd like advice on how to get along after you've paid your income tax and bought your War Bonds, don't bother with the Ph.Ds. The John Smiths are much better experts.

Money means as much to the Smiths as it does to anybody else, but they never had much. They learned to do without it. They, and half a million other farm families. Maybe you will, too, as the war goes on. Even if you don't have to cut corners, you ought to, and invest your money in War Bonds.

The John Smiths aren't any special family. They're the families that the Farm Security Administration helps. All of them share one thing. They can "take what they have to make what they want." And what they lack in material goods they make up for with ingenuity.

They wave their hammers, call on their resourcefulness, and presto—orange crates become kitchen cabinets, old victrolas turn into clothes chests, burlap becomes draperies, and holes in the ground become refrigerators.

That \$2 living room suite was dreamed up by a farmer's wife from an old cot, an apple box, two cotton oat sacks, and some bargain cretonne.

She took cattails and stripped them from their stalks. She stuffed an old mattress cover with the fuzzy weed and tufted it neatly. She made pillows the same way. Then she covered all with the cretonne, and she had a studio couch.



THESE young, untrained fingers can't remold their world of poverty into something resembling the good life, but they can create from the mud found near their home in Hark County, Georgia, a doll, a house, and airplanes that soar on wings of clay.

Now, she thought, I need a chair to go with it, to make it cozy. Out came the old kitchen rocker. Cretonne padding went on its back and seat and arms. And the apple box, pert and pretty in a cretonne skirt, squatted before it like a footstool.

As for those oat sacks, they were dyed, cut into strips, and hooked into 2 scatter rugs.

Another farm wife furnished her home with the upholstered seats from the old flivver. The car was standing on tireless rims, gathering dust in the garage. So she gave the body to the scrap pile, and used the seats for furniture. She made legs from pieces of wood, 2 by 4 inches thick and fastened them on with shelf brackets. Then she covered her creation with cretonne to disguise its origin. The effect was low-slung and modern.

Making clothing from partly worn upholstery material is a recommended wartime measure. But it's old stuff to these

farm folk. They've been getting wardrobes out of their rag bags for a long while.

There's a girl who makes baby booties from old felt hats. She cuts the felt after a simple pattern of her own design, sews the pieces together, and completes the job with a neat lining.

Her older sister makes mittens and leggings from old woolen underwear. She crochets the edges, or binds them with tape, to prevent raveling. Then she dyes her finished products a bright red or blue.

All over the country, low-income women are sewing to save money. They mend and remodel what they have, and when they have nothing to make over, they design new clothes out of sacks. All kinds of sacks: flour sacks, meal sacks, sugar sacks, feed sacks, salt sacks, seed sacks, everything but paper sacks.

They make little kitchen doodads like pot-holders and tea towels from the sacks. They also make blouses, shirts, slips, pil-



HARRY HANDY is as good as his name. He raises poultry in Scotland, Maryland, and when he needed a brooder, he didn't buy one. He cut away part of the rim of an old washtub, drew in a light bulb, and let the chicks flock under. They're flourishing, too.



WHEN is a farmer's wife a cabinet-maker? When she lives in Herkimer County, New York, and gets together with her neighbors to recondition old furniture or create new pieces from old auto seats or other unlikely sources. Working together, they pool their skills.

low cases, luncheon sets, bedspreads, tablecloths, and even dainty layettes.

One Louisiana woman entered several samples of her feed sack hand work in a State Fair exhibit, and later in the day, went to look for them in the sack exhibit. She couldn't find them there, but discovered them with the linen exhibits instead. They had been judged by mistake as linen, and they were decorated with the blue ribbon for first prize.

A little dye often disguises their humble origin. A New Jersey farm wife boils hickory bark with alum to make yellow dye, and walnut hulls with a pinch of salt to make rich dark brown.

But the sack is not the only basis for raw material. In a Mississippi farm house an old spinning wheel in the parlor is humming again. It means warm clothes for the large family, where money is scarce but wits are plentiful. The mother is spinning thread from cotton and from native wool, and teaching her daughters as she spins.

Spinning sounds mighty old-fashioned for this modern age, but it still produces the goods, if there's no other way to get it. Fishing is a mighty old sport, too, but it still brings in the fish. Plenty of fishing is done by low-income families—and not for sport, either.

One Southern woman serves her family frog legs. "We wouldn't have much to eat," she says, "if it weren't for that creek down there in the pasture." She learned how to spear the frogs, and she fixes the fat legs as tasty as you please.

You won't find a chicken in every pot, but you'll find them in many pots, even in the simplest of homes.

That's because these people know how to raise chickens. Take the woman who hatched a nestful of eggs with a hot water bottle, for instance. Two days before hatching time, the mother hen abandoned the nest, and nothing could persuade her to set again. So the ingenious farm wife placed a hot water bottle on the nest, refilling it night and day to keep it at the right temperature. The trick worked. Nearly every egg cracked open in due time, releasing a downy chick.

Another rural homemaker found herself one day with a flock of baby chicks and no heater for her brooder. She had no money to buy one, so she invented a heater from a peanut butter jar and an electric light bulb on a cord. Not a single chick died of chills or fever.

Ever see an air-raided shelter for chickens? You'll find one in Nevada, where a farm wife dug out a bank at the edge of her yard to serve as a chicken coop. She didn't have enough lumber to build any hen-houses, so she dug them, reinforcing the hollow with board framework to prevent cave-ins. Outside, she made a sort of patchwork front with lumber scraps. She also made little doors, using pieces of an old leather belt for hinges.

In Arkansas, a tenant farmer's wife made her own refrigerator. She didn't exactly build it—she dug it. She took a spade and shoveled a hole in the ground. It was about 2 by 3 feet and located under a big shade tree in her yard. Then she covered it with a lid insulated with sawdust. Even in hottest summer weather, she says milk stays sweet 2 days.

Women like this one have so little money to spend, that they figure out all kinds of ways to get substitutes for necessary cash. One woman had a flock of geese and a toothache. She traded her dentist goose feathers for gold fillings. Another raises turkeys on her Texas farm, and about Thanksgiving time, she trades "gobblers for galoshes," to keep her half-dozen children in new overshoes.

Unable to buy jewelry, the girls make

necklaces from enameled grains of corn. They use bits of wood, metal, string, and other odds and ends to fashion wooden belts and slave bracelets. They make buttons from acorns, or slice corks into disks and glue them on pasteboard for buttons.

They make their dolls of corn cobs, and weave little hats for them from cornshucks. They stuff old cotton stockings to make kitty cats for cuddling. They weave baskets from honeysuckle vines. They make spinner tops by whittling down spools to a point on one end and inserting a little pointed stick in the other. They make circus trains from old shoe boxes.

The food they get must be good for them, too. Farm folk, with the help of FSA, know what to serve and how to grow it at home. They live off their farms—off their kitchen gardens, their poultry, their dairy cows, their livestock. They know about balanced diets and low-cost cookery and vitamins.

They eat what they need fresh, and what they have left over, they preserve. After their own pantries are full, they contribute what they can to community school lunch projects. That way, they know their kids will have a square meal at noon, not a cold sandwich and water from the pump.

Every now and then they run up against

something they can't make or grow at home—something that costs a pile of money. Then they know what to do. They team up. Five women buy a washing machine together, and each takes turns using it. Or they buy a pressure cooker and do their canning together. Or they figure out how much seed, or fertilizer, or glass jars they'll need to buy at the stores, and they pool their orders, so they can get a discount for buying so much at once.

These half-million families are only one-fourth of the people "living on ingenuity." They are just the ones who have been helped by the FSA program. A million and a half others are still struggling along, not producing as much as they could if given the chance to build up their resources and learn new methods. They, too, could increase production by loans and help in better farm-and-home management.

It's time these "underemployed" people got on good land, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard has said. Time they helped us meet next year's food production goal by being helped a bit themselves. There's room for them on the good land now—room for their ingenuity and resourcefulness to take root and burgeon into a harvest of better living.

THIS is an original American dressing table, hand-made in Eleven Mile Corner, Arizona. The school girls whipped it up from discarded vegetable crates, for their Community Center. They made draperies from burlap, and a rug from some old rags.

WHEN the cupboard is bare, these Cajun kids of Shriever, Louisiana, know where to get food. They go down to the bayou and catch supper for themselves and their families. What the folks can't eat is safely preserved and put away for future use.

IT doesn't fit now, but it will when these seamstresses are finished. With many of their menfolk in uniform, migratory farm women of California are turning old suits to new uses. They're old hands at making over.



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Consumers' Guide

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CG News letter

A Wartime Supplement to
Consumers' Guide
January 1943

Rounding up reports from U. S Government agencies between November 15 and December 15

WE HAVE A FOOD ADMINISTRATOR.

"In order to assure an adequate supply and efficient distribution of food to meet war and essential civilian needs," the President on December 5 directed the Secretary of Agriculture "to assume full responsibility for and control over the Nation's food program."

In a nutshell, the Nation's new Food Administrator has these gigantic jobs to do:

(1) Figure out how much food we need for military use at home and abroad; for civilian use at home and abroad; for animal use, and for industrial use;

(2) Help farmers to get this food produced;

(3) Allocate food supplies among all the different needs;

(4) Work directly and through other Government agencies, "to insure the efficient and proper distribution of the available supply of food."

When you shop for rationed foods, you won't meet up with the new Food Administrator directly, because OPA continues to operate rationing plans. But which foods will be rationed will be determined by the Food Administrator.

"We now have concentrated in one place," said the new Food Administrator's first public statement, "administrative machinery to get the raw materials and to deliver the finished product, from the time the seed goes into the ground until the food goes into consumption."

"I recognize fully the power and authority the President has delegated. It shall be the obligation of the Department of Agriculture to use that power only—but to the limit—to assure an adequate supply and efficient distribution of food to meet war and essential civilian needs. In that endeavor, I ask the help of America's farmers, food handlers, and consumers. Each of us should be deeply concerned and actively helpful in protecting our food supply."

EVERYBODY MUST HAVE WAR RATION BOOK I.

It's hard to believe, but it seems to be true, that there are still some consumers who have failed to get their War Ration Book I, the book that has entitled nonhoarders to buy sugar since May 5, and grown-ups to buy coffee since November 29.

And that's too bad.

OPA wants everybody to get his copy of War Ration Book I, now, quick, before War Ration Book II comes out. Because, to get No. II book, each person must show his Book No. I. That's to save local War Price and Rationing Boards from going through the headaches they had when they issued the first book.

Even sugar and coffee hoarders are urged to get their No. I book. Local boards are instructed to tear out stamps to which hoarders are not entitled. OPA doesn't want the fact that anyone overstocked on these two foods to block him from getting his share of foods to be rationed with the No. II book.

So, if you know anyone who has failed to get his No. I book, you'll be doing a good deed for him and lending a big hand to OPA if you steer him around to his nearest War Price and Rationing Board.

GRADE LABELS ON CANNED GOODS PROMISED.

Remember when you had to search hard to find any canned fruits and vegetables graded and labeled according to U. S. Government quality standards?

You still have to search.

In a few months, when the 1943 pack of canned fruits and vegetables arrives on consumer markets, you can relax.

OPA announces that when "dollars-and-cents" ceilings are fixed for these foods

PUBLIC LIBRARY
DETROIT MICH.

canners will be required to grade according to Government standards, and put grade marks on labels. Canners will have the choice of using A, or Fancy; B, or Choice or Extra Standard; C, or Standard. All packs will be inspected by the Department of Agriculture.

Times do change, don't they?

MORE "DOLLARS-AND-CENTS" PRICES ARE HERE.

That's the kind of ceiling prices that doesn't vary from store to store. OPA is issuing more and more of them.

Before you buy any of these goods, the smart thing is to ask your local War Price and Rationing Board what its "dollars-and-cents" retail price is. Then make sure you aren't charged more.

Silk stockings.
Nylon stockings.
Rubber heels.
Victory rubber footwear.
Stirrup pumps.
Heating boiler conversion parts.
War bicycles (adult).
Used typewriters.
Anti-freeze.
Tires, recaps.
Automobiles.
Mechanical refrigerators.
Household vacuum cleaners, new.
Sanitary napkins.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR POUND?

One area only—around Atlanta, Ga.—reported to OPA in the early weeks of coffee rationing some difficulty in meeting rationed demands.

Some Atlanta people could not find enough coffee in their accustomed stores. But OPA says by shopping around every Atlantan coffee consumer could find his share of coffee supplies.

With this exception, coffee rationing seemed to get off to a good start on November 28. If your memory is short, be sure to write down now how much coffee you had on hand November 28. You'll have to declare that

amount when you sign up for War Ration Book II, sometime in January or February.

TIGHTENING UP ON GASOLINE.

Easterners, who have been under gasoline rationing orders since May 15, were joined by the rest of the country on December 1, when everybody went on rationing.

Arbitrating on the question of whether gasoline rationing was or wasn't necessary, the President ordered Nation-wide rationing to start, not because gas was short everywhere but because measurable mileage in tires is desperately short.

"A" coupon holders in the East were cut on November 22, from 4 to 3 gallons per coupon, non-Eastern "A" holders, started with 4 gallons.

To help Eastern "A" coupon holders using their cars to get to work, OPA issued a rule compensating them for the cut from 4 to 3 gallons: Anyone using his car 90 miles or more a month for occupational purposes was allowed to ask for a supplementary ration. Previously, you had to prove you used your car 150 miles or more a month to get extra rations. This shift was designed, not to give you more than you used to get, but to squeeze out non-occupational use of cars.

TIRE INSPECTION DEADLINE COMING UP.

Of course, you have your tire inspection report form. Deadline for getting yours was December 12. You don't have to show your inspection form when you buy gas, but it is illegal to use gas in cars without such a form.

If you slipped up, find out from your local War Price and Rationing Board how to get an inspection form.

Next important date in mileage rationing is January 31. by that date, your tires must have had their first inspection by an authorized service station. Again, ask your local War Price and Rationing Board, if you don't know any authorized inspector. The inspector will sign your report form when your tires are in as good condition as you can put them.

It's to your advantage to get a thorough inspection. On the other hand, if you think

one inspector requires unreasonable repairs be made, try another. Your local War Price and Rationing Board will umpire any disagreements between you and inspectors.

WINTER COLD HATCHES FUEL OIL PROBLEMS.

No one in OPA, as we went to press, was convinced that all fuel oil rationing troubles had been straightened out, but everyone concerned was busily at work on them.

Toughest of all rationing plans yet attempted, perhaps, fuel oil rationing in 30 Eastern and Middle Western States has run into snags.

Unlike coffee and sugar rationing, which divide up what we have with only minor consideration of individual need—gasoline, tire, and fuel rationing attempt to divide up what we have according to the individual needs of buyers.

Sharing according to need is something brand new in America. There are no yardsticks to go by. The more nearly equal everyone can be treated, the simpler rationing plans can be. The more individual needs are taken into account—especially health needs—the more complicated rationing plans must be. Fuel oil rationing is admittedly complicated.

Your local War Price and Rationing Board is your best source of information about your share of fuel oil supplies.

To help you gauge your fuel oil consumption, OPA will shortly issue weekly reports for 103 cities showing the maximum amount of your ration that you should have burned. If you limit your consumption to this figure, your rations should last through each heating period. Watch for this report in your local newspapers.

RENTS MUST STAY PUT.

Landlords in defense rental areas who think that because their costs have gone up they should be allowed to raise their rents aren't getting very far with OPA these days.

If OPA finds they are doing as well as they did in 1939 and 1940, it turns thumbs down on requests for increased rents.

"It was not the intent of Congress, nor is it the purpose of the Administrator, to guar-

antee to landlords or other persons a better financial position than they would have enjoyed in the absence of the peculiar economic conditions created by the War," says OPA.

Another important principle OPA laid down last month is that landlords who charged less rent for their properties than was charged for comparable places on the base date needn't expect the Government to let them raise their rents to the higher level.

Said OPA: "The rent-control program was not intended to equalize those differences; its goal is to maintain the rental status quo for the duration . . ."

MORE GOODS TROOP TO THE FRONT.

We're stripping down to "rock bottom." Here are some of December's orders.

Food must go to war.

All of these canned foods, packed in 1943, will go: Canned apples, applesauce, apricots, blueberries, figs, grapefruit segments, orange juice, blended orange and grapefruit juice, beets, carrots, pumpkin or squash, tomato catsup.

Varying amounts of other canned fruits and vegetables and juices will go.

Civilian shares of canned fruits and vegetables in 1943 are expected to average about one-half their 1941 total.

We're not getting all the milk we could use for military as well as civilian use. So WPB has ordered no more whipped cream sold, except on doctor's orders. You'll find coffee cream, though, whether or not you have used up your pound of coffee.

There'll be 20 percent less ice cream made in January than otherwise would have been made at this time of year. Ice-cream makers must not change the quality of their products, up or down.

Tin's scarce, and much of what there is must go to War.

So WPB has ordered (after various nearby dates) no more tin,terneplate, or black plate may be used to pack these foods for civilians: Meat spreads, sausage, whole tongue, chopped luncheon meats, edible oils, lard, white asparagus, succotash, sauerkraut, baking powder, among other things.

Undoubtedly, substitute packing, using less critical materials, will be found for some of these foods.

Tin-saving orders cut down on the amount of tin that can be used to pack still other foods, but figures do not yet reveal how much of the foods affected will stay at home, how much will go.

Textiles must go to war, too.

So WPB has cut 2 to 3 inches off the length of men's and boys' shirts. It has taken box pleats off their backs. It has removed collars, cuffs, frogs, and sashes from pajamas.

Alcohol is needed for explosives. So we're cutting out more alcoholic toiletries and cosmetics.

Metals are the first "musts" in war.

So no more attachments for vacuum cleaners can be made.

No more toys or games using certain critical metals, except joining hardware, can be made.

For every 100 fountain pens made in 1941, about 36 will be made in 1943; for every 100 mechanical pencils, about 41. There'll be plenty of pen points, though; 144 million more than in 1941.

No more portable electric lamps and shades, using critical materials, can be made.

GOVERNMENT BEARS DOWN ON BLACK SHEEP.

Black sheep, if they have eyes, see 2 fingers pointed at them: The finger of people they've gyped; the finger of law-abiding competitors.

OPA acts for both protestants when it brings charges against people suspected of black marketing. OPA charges must, of course, be proved in court.

CONSUMER CALENDAR.

- Jan. 1.—Your employer (if you're a wage earner) starts deducting 5% Victory Tax from your pay.
- Jan. 3.—Coffee ration coupon No. 27 expires.
- Jan. 4.—Coffee ration coupon No. 28 good for one pound.
- Jan. 21.—Gas ration coupons A3 expire.
- Jan. 22.—Gas ration coupons A4 good. Watch your newspapers for their value.
- Jan. 31.—Tires on all cars must have had one inspection by this date.
- Jan. 31.—Sugar ration stamp No. 10 (3 lbs.) expires.

	Coupon No. 1	Coupon No. 2
<u>Fuel Oil:</u>	good until—	good from—
Zone A.....	Jan. 20	Jan. 7
Zone B.....	Jan. 19	Jan. 6
Zone C.....	Jan. 18	Jan. 5
Zone D.....	Jan. 16	Jan. 3

Four drives against alleged violators of price or rationing control got under way during the past month. They took in department stores, landlords, institutional coffee buyers, gasoline stations.

This and that

Average family food bills went up 1.2% between mid-October and mid-November. That landed them at 8% above mid-May levels, when OPA controls started. Heaviest advances have been in uncontrolled food prices.

Hungry children in France got nearly 7 million cans of evaporated milk, each of them marked as a "gift of the American people through the American Red Cross," before German troops marched into unoccupied France.

No more chocolate hearts or bunnies or eggs for the kids. WPB thinks they'll get better food use out of our limited chocolate supplies if we cut out the "novelties."

Gum chewers are learning how to make each stick last longer. 1942 production almost equaled 1941's record output, but many more chewers came to market. Don't look for larger supplies, because while there's plenty of chicle to be had, it must be imported, and shipping space is tight.

"Ask yourself, before you purchase a travel ticket or board a bus or train, whether you really need to make that trip. If you cannot conscientiously answer that question in the affirmative, please do not go." That's the urgent request of the Office of Defense Transportation.

School children who work on farms now have priority rights in buying bicycles. OPA has given the "go" sign to stores cutting down on all kinds of shopping services. Stores cutting out services don't have to cut prices.

CG News letter

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